UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

This Freedom

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XX

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part V—Chapter XXXI

By M. K. GANDHI

Trumpets on New Horizons

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

A. M. SULLIVAN

GRANVILLE TRACE

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

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How Long?*

How long, O God, how long
Shall we invoke thy name
To glorify our unjust deeds,
And sanctify our shame;
When, with ill-natured words
That rise from needless fears,
We slander those who speak a truth
Unwelcome to our ears?

How long shall we enthrone,
As on some idol-shrine,
One Book, and say that it alone
Reveals the mind divine?
Who are we to enclose
Within some finite space,
The revelation of thy will,
Thy wisdom, and thy grace?

How long, O God, how long
Must name and creed divide
Humanity, in race and sect,
Though Truth is our one guide?
Oh, speed the longed-for day
When hate and pride shall cease,
And, in the freedom of the Truth,
Mankind shall live in peace.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

*Written on the occasion of the protest of Rev. Raymond H. Palmer against the traditional practice of the kissing of the Bible by the President at his inauguration.—Editor.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1929 NUMBER 17

ASSASSINATION AND WAR

The bomb and the knife derive their lease of life from the world's belief in violence as a remedy for securing supposed justice. Organized destruction is no less immoral because it is not a crime in the penal code of nations. The insensate speed with which the nations of the West are hourly forging new weapons of destruction for purposes of war is suffocating the world with the spirit of violence. Little wonder if hot heads of all nations and all faiths should overstep the limits of the penal code even at the risk of their lives. The bomb thrower and the assassin will live on so long as public opinion of the world tolerates war.

—*M. K. Gandhi.*

The Reparations Conference has finished its work amid a burst of applause from governments and newspapers which makes us feel certain that the best interests of American and Allied imperialism have been served. Of course, Germany's interests have been served, too! The Reich is back in the family of nations, and can no longer be treated wholly as an alien. So she is delivered of the financial and military control which was imposed upon her at Versailles, and some more of the vile work of the Peace of 1919 is thus undone. But the main thing about this agreement is that the bankers are put on top, and a vast system of loans and payments established which signifies rich pickings for the small but all-powerful group of men who hold the purse-strings. If it were possible that this system could endure, we common people might well surrender to despair. But it will *not* endure! Another few years, and we shall have another Reparations Conference to reconsider the Young Plan, as we have just had this Conference to reconsider the Dawes Plan. The idea the German people are going to serve for generations to come as the spring from which is to flow all the money for the payment of Allied debts and for the repairing of war damage is simply preposterous. Such serfdom will in due course be ended, and the burden of debt equally distributed among belligerents mutually responsible for the causes and therefore for the results of the War, or else we shall have another war in our hands. The fact of the matter is that the world is fooling itself about this reparations business. For ten years we have been trying to solve the financial problem by throwing the guilt of the war on Germany, and making her pay the cost. Attempt after attempt has been made to find the magic formula for what is historically a false and ethically an unjust proposition, and this present conference, just adjourned, is only the latest, but by no means the last, of the series. Some day, when the generation that knew the war is dead, perhaps, we shall discover how silly as well as immoral the whole thing is, and begin all over again—this time on a basis of truth.

The British Labor Party in office means great things for England—a grappling with the unemployment problem, for example, after five years of "do nothing" by Stanley Baldwin and the Conservatives—but it also means great things for the world Disarmament, for example! There are few more discouraging problems, today, as witness the utter futility of the so-called preparatory conferences at Geneva. At the heart of the difficulty, of course, is the existence of governments in Europe which have no trust in one another, and which, for all their fine professions of peace, have no intentions of renouncing the weapons of war. Of these governments, England has been one. But it is a different England which now, under premiership of Ramsay MacDonald, looks out upon the world. For the Laborites are sincere in wishing disarmament. And here in Washington, thanks to a happy combination of the stars, is another government which is sincere, we believe, on this same question. President Coolidge knew nothing and cared nothing about disarmament, and the whole drift of his administration was in the direction of aid and comfort to the militarists. But President Hoover seems to be of quite a different mind. Contrast his Memorial Day speech with Coolidge's famous, and infamous, Armistice Day speech! Nothing to us seems more impressive in all that Mr. Hoover has said and done since he took office than his persistent and determined insistence upon cutting down the armies and navies of the world. Now comes MacDonald, with the same insistence upon the same end. What these two men can achieve in the preparedness field is beyond all calculation, for America and Britain together hold the key to the whole situation. If they say "disarm," the nations will disarm! For the first time in years we are not cynical on this issue. Hoover and MacDonald, standing shoulder to shoulder on the patform of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, can turn the tides of time.

The British Labor Party in office means, or should mean, also, great things for India. We wonder if it will? The Party grows weak in its ideals just in proportion as it gets away from the people of Britain and out among the peoples of the Empire. By the time it gets to India, the Party is hardly recognizable as the Labor Party at all. In theory, of course, it should be the one group in England which is able and willing to see the Indian point of view, and sympathize with it. MacDonald should be the one political leader who is able to understand and cooperate with Gandhi. But the Labor Party, in its earlier brief tenure of office, was disappointing in its Indian policy; and it placed in the record the egregious error of consenting to the Simon Commission, and of actually permitting a Labor member to sit upon this body. These are the reasons why the Indians hope little from the present change of administration. But we ourselves are not yet prepared to believe, especially in the face of the present crisis, that MacDonald and his colleagues will be content merely to sustain the Simon Commission, and thus to do nothing more than Baldwin would have done, had he been returned to power. As matters stand today, the Indian Congress has served notice on Britain that dominion status must be granted before December 31st of this current year. If this demand is not granted, Gandhi has agreed to return to public life and lead his countrymen in revolt against the crown. The possibilities of this crisis are so terrible that they shake the soul. We see no hope in England except in the Labor Party, now happily in the seats of power. Is this hope faint, even vain, as many insist? We cling to it, none the less, for we shall not believe that Labor will betray India until we actually see it done.

The House of Representatives for once did something more than merely keep step when it voted to exclude Negroes, whose right to vote has been denied or abridged in the South, from being counted in the matter of determining the numerical representation of each of the states in the lower branch of Congress. For years the situation in the southern states has been a scandal of the first order. Here are millions of Negroes denied their rights of franchise by legal and other processes which exist in utter violation of the Constitution. Yet all of these Negroes, who dare not approach the polls on peril of their lives, are duly counted as so many voters in good and regular standing when numerical basis is established for representation district by district in the House. The injustice to the Negro is obvious. Not so obvious, but just as serious, is the injustice to all the other states in the Union whose representation is determined by the number of citizens who actually cast ballots. The southern states, in other words, from the standpoint of the number of real as contrasted with theoretical voters, are grossly over-represented in the House. The thing to do, of course, is to exclude the Negroes from the estimate of voting strength in every place where they are excluded from the polls. And this the lower branch of Congress has proposed to do in its proposed amendment to the census-reapportionment bill. That anything will be accomplished by this amendment, we do not believe. In all probability it will be reconsidered and withdrawn before this note is published. If by some good chance it passes the lower body, it will unquestionably be defeated in the Senate. But if thus nothing more than a gesture, it is good. Well may it be a warning or prophecy of what is to come. Some day the Negro is going to get his rights or else the South is going to pay the political price of their denial.

Less dramatic, but much more substantial for the Negro, was the decision of a federal judge in Virginia, on June 5th, that the primary election law of that state is a violation of the 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution, and therefore invalid. What has been going on in southern states in recent years, as regards primary laws is interesting. For some time the regular election laws in these states, barring Negroes from the polls by one device after another, have been receiving hard knocks. The decision of the Supreme Court, denouncing the famous "grandfather clauses" in these laws, is a case in point. Signs are manifold that the elaborate provisions in statute law for the disfranchising of Negroes are beginning to crumble, and that the South may actually find itself obliged to let black citizens vote. Think of that! So the South hit upon the idea of going behind the elections to the primaries, and disfranchising the Negroes there. A clever scheme! For in the South, where the Democratic Party is normally in overwhelming predominance over all other parties, it is the primaries which are really decisive. After the Democratic candidates are chosen, the election is a mere formality, and few take the trouble to vote. So quickly it became the fashion to pass laws shutting Negroes out of the primaries. And now the end of this iniquity is pretty definitely in sight! In March, 1927, a Texas law denying to Negroes participation in Democratic primaries, was declared invalid by the Supreme Court. Now comes this smashing decision by Judge D. Lawrence Groner, in the federal court of Virginia. The law in question, said the Judge, "recognizes and enforces the right of a political party to prescribe qualification (for voting) forbidden under the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This a State may not do." This is pretty definite. Our southern white friends are being hard pressed.

Two poets died on June 8th last. One was Bliss Carman—a poet somewhat lost in the babble of new voices during the last two decades, but an authentic singer destined in some of his writings to immortality.

His two volumes written in collaboration with the late Richard Hovey, "Songs from Vagabondia," are a permanent part of the literature of the western world. Carman had supremely the lyric gift. Richard Le Gallienne, himself a poet of gifted speech, has said of him:

> Here is a man who is a poet through and through, essentially a man who would have been a poet had there been no printing press, no publishers, no public—we might almost say had there been no poets before him.

Like all true lyricists, in other words, Carman sang because he *had* to sing! If you would know him, and have none of his volumes of verse at hand, get down your anthologies, and see how often Bliss Carman appears in their winnowed pages. The other poet, Frederick L. Hosmer, was less conspicuous—only a hymn-writer, some would say. But into what is all too often mere didatic and pedestrian verse, cheap rhyming of the Mother Goose variety, Hosmer poured a tide of pure and lovely, if very simple, poetry. This Unitarian clergyman was one of a small group of hymn-writers who lifted hymnology to the level of true literature; and of this group we are tempted to believe that Hosmer was the greatest. He never wrote anything, perhaps, which matched the psalm-like dignity and grandeur of Isaac Watts' "O God, our help in ages past"; he never attained to the exalted level of Holmes' "Lord of all being, throned afar"; he never breathed the prophetic passion of Chesterton's "O God of earth and altar." He moved rather in the serene atmosphere of Whittier. But whereas the Quaker poet's hymns are mostly adaptations, Hosmer's songs of devotion were written directly for the church. This writer has found his way into every modern hymn-book, and thus speaks in every communion. How beautiful an influence, and how sure an immortality!

This Freedom

We all know we are for it. We know that our ancestors fought, bled and died for it,—that our nation was founded to establish it,—that all, or nearly all, our institutions take their values from their service to it: but what is it? and what isn't it?

Certainly it is not the privilege of doing as we please. Gravitation, heat, light, electricity, and whatever forms of energy have been discovered besides, step in with their "laws," and we find we must obey them. We are limited in our habitation to the comparatively insignificant surface of this pebble in space which we call the earth and said pebble goes its way utterly regardless of our wills and ways. Our range of temperature is a little over a hundred degrees; an excess of light would destroy us, a mere fleck of electric power may wipe us out. If it is too wet we die in floods, if it is too dry we die in famines, our air must be just right, we must be neither too far up nor too far down. Thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to the deck of the good ship earth we pass our few days, and we would be "free." "This freedom" if it is indeed anything, must be something quite other than escape from the tyranny of inanimate things.

But we find further restrictions: we pay for every friend and neighbor by giving up more and more the inestimable privilege (or "right") of doing according to our vagrant fancy. One who lives all alone in an interminable forest, plain or desert, may lay his hand on his heart and remark to the universe that no one coerces him; that with the "necessary" limits of time, space, gravitation, etc., no man is his master and he is free indeed. But the delights of this situation are much modified by the fact that in the absence of all other people, while we are "free" to do as we like there is practically nothing to "like." Indeed the only interests life would have to offer under such conditions would be those associated with some binding "laws," which make a mock at this thing called "freedom," the incessant demand of the system for food, the need for shelter from the elements in fear of too much or too little heat, light or power in some form or other.

So we turn to the problem of "freedom" in society; of finding it through every additional neighbor and friend must necessarily limit it more and more. Robinson Crusoe was free until his man Friday turned up, after which all his plans had to be modified; and the footprint which showed the presence of the savages cut down his freedom still more. Yet curiously enough we are faced with the paradox that all our efforts for greater freedom involve the gathering of us together in ever increasing groups. God is in fact a humorist: he gives a dragon-fly some thousands of eyes gathered in the compound eyes, and then gives it three more in the middle of its forehead. He makes a whale as big as a house, gives it a throat that can only manage very small animals, and adds on a strainer to strain out the little edible particles from the mighty ocean. He puts a Eustachian tube in the back of our mouths, leading to the inner ear, so we have a chance to hear our own remarks from the inside before we let them out into the open air. And he fixes up our natures in such fashion that our longing for freedom can be gratified only by the process of tying ourselves up by a thousand bonds with all sorts and conditions of other people. Nature would trick us into bondage and we find that we can command her only by obeying her; and human nature will only set us free if we tie ourselves intimately with our fellows in bonds of mutual good-will.

The gradually developing institutions of mankind bring out this world-paradox in strong relief. As the patriarchal society grew from the earlier condition,—

if we may assume this,—of smaller and more isolated families the rights and privileges of the individual members were curtailed and at the same time vastly increased. Larger social units,—kingdoms, empires, democracies, world leagues,—all these are instituted to tell what may not be done, in order that everyone may have a greater freedom. Our own country, founded in the interests of "liberty, equality, fraternity," began effective operations by adopting a Constitution limiting both individuals and states in all directions. The people have "inalienable rights" of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," wherefore states formulate conditions under which the inalienable right of life shall be alienated, that of liberty set aside, and that of the pursuit of happiness made of no account. Every returning year sees our rights and privileges curtailed: no more may we invite our enemies out to shoot or be shot in the interests of "honor," no longer may we get drunk in any comfort nor without unreasonable expense, we are restricted in our use of the roads to the right hand side, and we are not allowed to turn corners as we please. Yet is our "honor" more secure, our streets are more orderly, and we can go faster than ever before.

Of course all this paradoxical situation is due to the fact that we are all of us leading double lives. We are at one and the same time separate individuals and members of that larger unit the "great beast humanity," and what we lose in one capacity we more than make up in the other. I suppose one of the unicellular creatures from which our bodies have been gradually built up, was a freer creature than any of those specialized cells in our hands or eyes or tongues. But probably its freedom to move back and forth in the water with only the dim dreaming life of its lowly organization is by no means as varied or as interesting as the communal life of the restricted and limited member of the body-community. So also the narrowing of certain dimensions of the individual life goes along with the discovery and expansion of new and undiscovered dimensions in the socialized life of the human family. The intelligent citizen will not resent the restrictions which only give him a larger freedom. What a petty thing it is to complain that we must restrain our appetites for alcoholic drinks, when we may thereby remove the temptation from the weaker brethren, get rid of the disgusting drunkenness on our street characteristic of the saloon days, eliminate a primary cause of insanity and crime, conserve the meagre wage of the laborer's family, protect the efficiency of our workmen, and increase the safety of travel. That these things are not fully accomplished is due almost entirely to those who are unwilling to sacrifice a mere bodily appetite to the general good. There is no principle involved in demanding the "right" to drink alcoholic beverages, that is not equally involved in the use of cocaine, or opium or any other drug. It is a mere problem of judgment as to where to draw the line, which must be solved either by the voice of the majority or by the voice of a minority. Our country is established on the principle of majority rule, and that principle is vastly more important than anyone's appetites. The individual has *no* rights, whether of life, liberty or appetite, as against the general welfare determined by the judgment of the majority. I do not say that the individual may not,—nay must not,—at times set himself against that general judgment when he thinks it in the long run to be evil or mistaken policy; but when he does this it should be for a greater general good and not for a mere personal gratification, and should be done publicly, seriously, and without alliance with the merely criminal element.

It is a solemn responsibility,—though at times a necessary one,—to set one's own judgment against that of our nation expressed according to established law. It should be done only as an honest effort to call the attention of the public to a supposed wrong in the interests of a propaganda for change, and should include not only a willingness but a desire to pay such penalty as the law requires. There is no such attitude on the part of those who oppose the Prohibition policy. They angrily proclaim their "right" to drink, as if anyone has *any* rights as against the public good. They do not discuss the question as to whether the traffic in intoxicants is or is not for the general welfare, but generally confine themselves to the calling of their opponents by such names as fanatic, snooper, Puritan, and the like. I have yet to see any attempt on the part of the anti-Prohibitionists honestly to face the question as to public good in the matter at issue. They have no definite plan to propose to limit the evils of alcoholic drinks. They do not desire to re-establish the saloon, yet they wish to be free to purchase liquor where they please. There is vague talk about government control as in Canada, but no effort to examine into the results in Canada; though many testify that all the former evils of the saloon here are present and increasing in the Canadian experiment. Apparently the only thing that they can see is that they want their drinks. Worst of all they are willing to enter into collusion with the worst of criminals to gratify their desires. They employ directly or indirectly, men who do not hesitate at any crime including murder for a money reward. They encourage—because they want the drinks—defiance of the law of our common country, and then blame the lawlessness which results on those who obey the law. What shall we think of men whose loyalty depends on whether their appetities are fully gratified or not?

Those who violated the law of the land rather than to send hunted men back into the hell of slavery were not seeking mere sense gratification. Those who accepted imprisonment, torture, and even death rather than kill their fellow men even at the command of

their country, have nothing in common with the narrow, selfish partners in and inciters of crime, violence and treason, who are now prostituting the name of freedom in the interests of their drinks.

If there are those who honestly think the Prohibition of the liquor business is against the public good but who also honestly want to prevent the evils attendent on the old system, let them go about the matter of change in the way of honorable citizenship. Let them begin by obeying the law and assisting in honest enforcement; then let them point out how it can be modified here and there in the interest of larger freedom, without bringing drunkenness in its train. The starting point must be obedience to the law. But the fear of the drink-lover is just that obedience to the law will bring about prosperity and good order,—and he will not get his drinks! What though lawlessness and crime prevail and increase, provided only that he gets his drinks.

No decent citizen wants any freedom that is not for the common good.

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

"Let us work for peace," editorializes the Elkhart (Ind.) *Truth,* in a protest against pacifists, "but we must be reasonable about it." *Sure!* Let us work for health, but we must be reasonable about it—not try too hard to banish tuberculosis, diphtheria, cancer, influenza. By all means, be reasonable!

Dr. Work has read the stars, and resigned as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Raskob, Democratic Chairman, is blind, and also deaf and dumb, as the last election showed. It will take something more than stars to remove him. But he will soon be going, all the same!

We do not wonder that the British Ambassador, Sir Esme Howard, by his decision not to exercise his diplomatic privileges in the use of liquor, has enraged the "wets." In the first place, this distinguished official has set an example to liquor-drinking Americans which should bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. In the second place, he has proclaimed alike to the nation and the world that a new regime has come to Washington. The old days of social dalliance and half-hearted enforcement of the law are over. We have a "dry" President who means business!

A former Baptist clergyman, a thorough-going pacifist, and a man who knows his own mind, Albert V. Alexander, is at the head of the British Admiralty in the new Labor Cabinet. He is expected to keep the sea-lords in their place. How Winston Churchill must be raging!

Lloyd George's son and daughter are sitting on the Liberal benches with their father in the new House of Commons. The Liberal Party in England is fast becoming a nice little family affair.

Is America civilized? Sixty (60) per cent of 700 Protestant clergymen recently interviewed in this country testified that they believed in a personal devil, and 53 percent that they believed in a literal hell.

J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XX

Westward Ho!

The voyage from Egypt to Greece was the first stage of my journey home. My mission was now done, and my purpose, therefore, to make all speed back to my post of duty in New York. But I must pass through important cities which I had not seen, and it would have been wanton waste not to pause for a moment, and look about. So, as I alighted from one hop, I waited a bit before launching out upon the next—and thus saw Athens, Brindisi, Rome, and Florence. My notes upon these places must be as hasty and casual as my visitations.

Athens

More than any other one place in the world, perhaps, I have longed all my life to see Athens, and, in Athens, the Acropolis. I have always felt that here, upon the summit of this mount, man has blossomed more beautifully, perhaps, than in any other spot upon the globe. In Rome I saw a so-called sacred stairway, up which one must walk upon his knees. As I watched pious worshippers climbing this stairway in this fashion, I did not laugh or sneer. I knew how they felt, and why they did it—for I had climbed the stairway of the Propylaea!

It was in this city, of all cities, that I had my tussle with the "flu." Forced into bed by a tyrannical and heartless wife armed with a clinical thermometer—earth's cruelest weapon!—I lay flat upon my back in anguish of body and of spirit. Now and again, when my wife was safely out of the room, I would steal to the window and peek out over the roofs of the town to the Acropolis, off there to the south, and gaze and gaze upon the towering columns of the Parthenon till

I heard the click of the door. Then would come a wild leap into bed, a quick imitation of placid sleep, a sudden start at the sound of my wife's voice, a reassuring smile at the words, "O, did I wake you, dear? I'll be quiet. Turn right over, and go to sleep again." And all was well—till the next time!

But one of the days in Athens was warm and sunny. I was feeling not so terribly. Surely a sunbath was better than the stuffy air of this hotel! So I went out, and spent one divine morning upon the Acropolis.

It is trite to say that the Parthenon is the greatest of all buildings reared by human hands. But what else is there to say? And how vary the tribute which has been paid to this structure by all who have gazed upon its perfection! There is nothing new that I can write. I can simply record the fact that to me the Parthenon was utterly, supremely satisfying. It was like great music breaking upon the soul, and drenching it in beauty. The perfect proportions of the structure, the lovely lines, the nobility of form so wedded to simplicity of design, the matchless workmanship, the cool soft marble more like living flesh than inert stone—it was all that it should be—man's one perfect and final achievement. I found a corner of the hill where I could gaze through those majestic columns to the dazzlingly clear blue sky beyond. It was an ultimate experience, and needed only the music of the spheres to make it heaven instead of earth.

One thing I learned, as I walked about this temple, and that is why Lord Elgin in the early days of the last century stripped away the friezes and metopes which now rest in the British Museum as its proudest possession. It has long been the fashion to abuse Lord Elgin for what is now called an act of vandalism. Professor Beard, in the March *Harper's,* is the latest writer to denounce the English nobleman for his act of robbery. But think a moment! Look at this wrecked and ruined hull! See these treasures as they have been wasted and blasted by the ages! In the sixteenth century, the Parthenon was being used by the Turks as a *powder-magazine.* A Venetian admiral, attacking Athens in a silly war, turned his guns upon the temple, and blew it up. For two hundred years the wreckage lay unguarded, for anybody to abuse, or steal, or wreck some more. When Lord Elgin came to Athens, the city was a wretched, muddy village, inhabited by some 5,000 ignorant, savage, degenerate swine-herds. This English nobleman was one of the first of modern men to recognize the glory of the Parthenon. Seeing the wreckage of the years gone by, he found it not difficult to imagine the further wreckage of the years to come. There was the great temple of Zeus, just below the hill, for example; with nothing left but thirteen gaunt and naked columns. Another fifty years, and there would be nothing more left here! So he took the carvings of Phidias before it was too late, and placed them where they would be treasured, and thus preserved. This, in its time, was an act of piety. Whether the marbles should be returned to Greece, now that the world has discovered the Parthenon and Greece has become reasonably civilized again, is a fair question, and I know my answer. But whether Lord Elgin was right in taking the marbles when he did—this is another and different question, and I have my answer to that, too!

Brindisi

The voyage from Athens to Brindisi was memorable—especially the skirting of the western shores of Greece, with cloudy Parnassus looming in the distance, and the passing of the Canal of Corinth. But Brindisi—what a town! Here was a mighty seaport in the great days of Rome. This harbor was once crowded with galleys, and its quays were trod by the feet of earth-shaking conquerors. But of those days no memorial is left, save the two lofty columns which mark the southern terminus of the Appian Way, and some of the huge flat stones which paved its surface. I was still sick when I reached this city. I shivered and shook in the ice-cold corridors of the hotel, and no less in the damp, chilling atmosphere of the streets. Nothing to see—nothing to do! I could even long for some of the howling dervishes of Egypt, if only for the excitement of being robbed.

Rome

Rome, like Egypt, had its annoyances. Never in my life have I gotten more tired of anything than of the idle soldiers and idle priests who parade unceasingly the streets of the Eternal City. Italy is said to be poor! Well, I know what to do, Mr. Mussolini. Take fifty per cent of your loafers in green, blue, black uniforms, and put them to *work* for a few days each month, and you will have the most prosperous country in the world. And the Roman Church is said to be corrupt! Well, I know what to do about this, Mr. Pope. Corruption springs from idleness. Take some of your priests, who have nothing to do but chant prayers in the churches and march in pretty parades on the streets, and give them an honest job, and you will be surprised how the problem of corruption will take care of itself. Of the two groups of loafers, it was the soldiers who finally got on my nerves. To see these little, stunted two-by-fours, clad in pompous cloaks swung rakishly across the chest and over the shoulder in a desperate attempt to look important, swaggering two by two in the streets, monopolizing side-walks, oggling women, this was a sight to stir the bile of any pacifist. I could almost be so wicked as to wish for a war, just to see these Fascist dwarfs turn tail and run, as they turned tail and ran in the Great War. One genuine prick at the balloon—and it would blow up!

But Rome has important things to see—above all the Forum, where Cicero talked, where Caesar died, where Antony stirred the mob—the Coliseum, where Christian martyrs died to make a Roman holiday—and, for me especially on this journey, the Arch of Titus.

I stood before this Arch, proudly spanning the Appian Way on the high crest of the slope at the entrance of the Forum—and I read to myself some history. This Arch was reared by the Emperor, to celebrate through all future ages his triumph over the Jews in Palestine. Never was there a greater military victory. Jerusalem, besieged and taken, was leveled to the dust, and all its people who were not butchered, were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Here upon the Arch today is the sculptured picture of the deed—the Jews yoked to the chariot of the Emperor, and the ark and the seven-branched candle-stick borne in triumph in his procession! When Titus died, so soon after his task was done, it must have been with complacent calm at the glory of his achievement.

Well—the Arch still stands. And so does Jerusalem! And the Jews still live, though Titus himself is dead and his grave forgotten. And, wonder of wonder, these Jews are back in Jerusalem! The story of Rome and all its emperors ended more than fifteen hundred years ago, but the story of the Jews is today beginning all anew. What irony in these mouldering stones and battered sculptures! An Arch of Titus, which now has become a memorial of his slaves and victims! I smiled, as I gazed, at the littleness of kings and the feebleness of swords. And I thought of a story which had been told me by a certain Jew in Palestine. This man had met Mussolini, and had been able to do him certain services. The Italian dictator was grateful, and, at the moment of parting, said that he would be glad to do anything in his power to show his appreciation.

"There is one thing you can do," said this gallant son of Abraham. "You can take down the Arch of Titus, stone by stone, and give it to the Jews, to be erected again upon Mount Zion."

Mussolini, did not grant this bold request. And it is perhaps better so! Let the Arch stand in Rome, to proclaim, in its most appropriate setting, the truth which Napoleon discovered in the midst of his greatest triumphs—"There are only two powers in the world, the spirit and the sword. In the long run, the sword will always be conquered by the spirit."

Florence

To try to tell what is to be seen in Florence, is as futile as to try to tell what is to be seen in Rome. Here, perhaps, next only to Athens, the life of man upon this earth reached its finest efflorescence. If you do not believe this, go to the Pitti and the Uffizzi, gaze upon the works of Michael Angelo, and follow in the footsteps of Dante. But in this place I must speak of other things!

It has always seemed to me to be one of the divinely appropriate facts of history that when Theodore Parker fled America in vain quest of health, and at last, after long and painful illness, came to die, it was in Florence that he gave up his breath and found his grave. For Florence is the city of Savonarola—and if ever a great soul was reincarnated, Savonarola was reincarnated in Theodore Parker.

On my first day in Florence, I visited the grave of Theodore Parker, in the little Protestant cemetery outside the city, and laid flowers upon its sod. Other graves were in this place—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Arthur Hugh Clough, Walter Savage Landor. But my goal was the last resting-place of the great American preacher, and I stood there long in reverence and gratitude. It pleased me to see that the white marble stone, raised by American disciples nearly seventy years ago was in excellent condition—that the grave seemed well cared for—that there were signs of other flowers on the grave—and that the warm western sun shed its last light full upon the marble lineaments of Parker's face. I have always thought that Parker's ashes should be in Boston, where he lived and taught. But he asked that he might be buried where he fell—and, most fittingly, he fell in Savonarola's town. Surely, he sleeps well in such a place!

On my second day in Florence, I visited San Marco, where Savonarola lived—entered reverently the cell where he slept, and the oratory where he prayed and studied (there was his Bible with his marginal annotations!)—went to the cathedral where he preached to excited throngs—and stood in the great square where he was burned. This immortal priest was, in history, the forerunner of the Reformation in spirit, the greatest of modern prophets. Florence slew him—but now she guards as holy ground the places where he trod.

And Home!

Two days in Paris—the loveliest city in Europe—and then to Cherbourg, and the steamer!

Nine weeks ago this day, I sailed away from the land toward which I am now moving. I have traveled something over ten thousand miles. I have touched the soil of four continents, have crossed and recrossed the frontiers of eight countries; have sojourned in seventeen famous cities; have slept in twenty-nine different beds; have looked on the remains of five great civilizations; have traced back the trail of human progress through seven thousand years; and in one great movement of creative pioneer endeavor I have seen the prophecy of the coming commonwealth of man. In these sixty odd days of travel, my life has been enriched beyond all my capacity to measure, or even at this time to understand.

This enrichment I owe to one man—my friend and benefactor, NATHAN STRAUS, at whose request and on whose behalf I made this journey. I would close these "notes" with reverent and grateful mention of his name. What I can do for Zionism in Palestine, and for human brotherhood throughout the world, I herewith pledge myself to do. And I shall strive to do it in his spirit and to his honor.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

"S. S. Aquitania," Mid-Atlantic.

Men Have Forged

He wrote in the sand. . . the wind-blown sands
And the woman wept afresh,
But not a stone from the hundred hands
Was cast to bruise her flesh.

Not a deadly missile was sent
And the mob in twos and fours
Dispersed and down the street they went
Or gossiped in the doors.

The brave Christ blotted out the sign
Of all her sin and lust;
Obliterated each thin line
Traced in the roadside dust.

Later such mobs used spears to kill:
Lances and spikes and gall—
A wooden cross on a lonely hill
With a black sky over all.

But men have forged these modern days
New things for bringing pain
And they are skilled in all the ways
To grave sins deep and plain.

They cut their neighbor's faults in flint,
Never in drifting silt,
And how they love the tinny glint
Of scabbard and of hilt.

JAY G. SIGMUND.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XXXI

That Memorable Week

1

After a short tour in South India I reached Bombay I think on the 4th April, having received a wire from Sjt. Shankarlal Banker asking me to be present there for the 6th of April celebrations.

But in the meanwhile Delhi had already observed the *hartal* on the 30th March. The word of Swami Shraddhanandji and the late Hakim Ajmal Khan Saheb was law there. The wire about the postponement of the *hartal* till the 6th of April had reached there too late. Delhi had never witnessed a *hartal* like that before. The Hindus and Musalmans seemed united like one man. Swami Shraddhanandji was invited to deliver a speech in the Jumma Masjid which he did. All this was more than the authorities could bear. The police checked the *hartal* procession as it was proceeding towards the railway station, and opened fire causing a number of casualties, and the reign of repression commenced in Delhi. Shraddhanandji urgently summoned me to Delhi. I wired back saying I would start for Delhi immediately after the 6th of April celebrations were over in Bombay.

The story of happenings in Delhi was repeated with variations in Lahore and Amritsar. From Amritsar Drs. Satyapal and Kitchlu had sent me a pressing invitation to go there. I was altogether unacquainted with them at that time but I communicated to them my intention to visit Amritsar after Delhi.

On the morning of the 6th the citizens of Bombay flocked in their thousands to the Chowpati for a bath in the sea, after which they moved on in a procession to Thakurdwar. The procession included a fair sprinkling of women and children while the Musalmans joined it in their numbers. From Thakurdwar some of us who were in the procession were taken by the Musalman friends to a mosque near by where Mrs. Naidu and myself were made to deliver speeches. Sjt. Vithaldas Jerajani proposed that we should then and there administer the Swadeshi and Hindu Muslim unity pledges to the people, but I resisted the proposal on the ground that pledges should not be administered or taken in precipitate hurry, that we should be satisfied with what was already being done by the people. A pledge once taken, I argued, must not be broken afterwards, therefore it was necessary that the implications of the Swadeshi pledge should be clearly understood and the grave responsibility entailed by the pledge regarding Hindu Muslim unity fully realized by all concerned. In the end I suggested that those who wanted to take the pledges should again assemble on the following morning for the purpose.

Needless to say that the *hartal* in Bombay was a complete success. Full preparation had been made for starting the civil disobedience. Two or three things had been discussed in this connection. It was decided that civil disobedience might be offered in respect of such laws only as easily lent themselves to being disobeyed by the masses. The salt tax was extremely unpopular and a powerful movement had been for some time past going on to secure its repeal. I therefore suggested that the people might prepare salt from seawater in their own houses in disregard of the Salt Laws. My other suggestion was about the sale of proscribed literature. Two of my books, *viz.*, "Hind Swaraj" and "Sarvodaya" (Gujarati adaptation of Ruskin's "Unto this Last") that had been already proscribed came handy for this purpose. To print and sell them openly seemed to be the easiest way of offering civil disobedience. A sufficient number of copies of the book was therefore printed and it was arranged to sell them at the end of the monster meeting that was to be held that evening after the breaking of the fast.

On the evening of the 6th, an army of volunteers issued forth accordingly with this prohibited literature to sell it among the people. Both Shrimati Sarojinidevi and I went out in cars. All the copies were soon sold out. The proceeds of the sale were to be utilized for furthering the civil disobedience campaign. Both these books were priced at four annas per copy but I hardly remember anybody having purchased them from me at their face value merely. Quite a large number of people simply poured out all the cash that was in their pockets to purchase their copy. Five and ten rupee notes flew out like anything to cover the price of a single copy, while in one case I remember having sold a copy for fifty rupees! It was duly explained to the people that they were liable to be arrested and imprisoned for purchasing the proscribed literature. But for the moment they had shed all fear of jail going.

It was subsequently learned that the Government had conveniently taken the view that the books that had been proscribed by it had not in fact been sold and that what we had sold was not held as coming under the definition of proscribed literature. The reprint was held by the Government to be a new edition of the books that had been proscribed and to sell them thus did not constitute an offense under the law. This news caused general disappointment.

The next morning another meeting was held for the administration of the pledges with regard to Swadeshi and Hindu Muslim unity. Vithaldas Jerajani for the first time realized that all is not gold that glitters. Only a handful of persons came. I distinctly remember some of the sisters who were present on that occasion. Men who attended were also very few. I had already drafted the pledge and brought it with me. I thoroughly explained its meaning to those present before I administered it to them. The paucity of the attendance neither pained nor surprised me, for I have noticed this characteristic difference in the popular attitude—partiality for exciting work, dislike for quiet constructive effort. The difference has persisted to this day.

But I shall have to devote to this subject a chapter by itself. To return to the story. On the night of the 7th I started for Delhi and Amritsar. On reaching Mathura on the 8th I first heard echoes about my probable arrest. At the next stoppage after Mathura

Acharya Gidwani came to meet me and gave me definite news that I was to be arrested and offered services to me if I should need them. I thanked him for the offer, assuring him that I would not fail to avail myself of it if and when I felt necessary.

Before the train had reached Palwal railway station I was served with a written order to the effect that I was prohibited from entering the boundary of the Punjab as my presence there was likely to result in a disturbance of the peace. I was asked by the police to get down from the train. I refused to do so saying, "I want to go to the Punjab in response to a pressing invitation, not to foment unrest but to allay it. I am therefore sorry that it is not possible for me to comply with this order."

At last the train reached Palwal. Mahadev was accompanying me. I asked him to proceed to Delhi to convey to Swami Shraddhanandji the news about what had happened and to ask the people to remain calm. He was to explain why I had decided to disobey the order served upon me and to suffer the penalty for disobeying it, and also why it would spell victory for our side if we could maintain perfect peace in spite of any punishment that might be inflicted upon me.

At Palwal railway station I was taken out of the train and put under police custody. A train from Delhi came in a short time. I was made to enter a third class carriage, the police party accompanying. On reaching Mathura I was taken to the police barracks but no police official could tell me as to what they proposed to do with me or where I was to be taken next. Early at 4 o'clock the next morning I was waked up and put in a goods train that was going towards Bombay. At noon I was again made to get down at Sawai Madhopur. Mr. Bowering, Inspector of Police, who arrived by the mail train from Lahore, now took charge of me. I was put in a first class compartment with him. And from an ordinary prisoner I became a "gentleman" prisoner. The officer commenced a long panegyric of Sir Michael O'Dwyer. Sir Michael had nothing against me personally, he went on; only he apprehended a disturbance of the peace if I entered the Punjab and so on. In the end he requested me to return to Bombay of my own accord and agree not to cross the frontier of the Punjab. I replied that I could not possibly comply with the order and that I was not prepared of my own accord to go back. Whereupon the officer seeing no other help told me that he would have to enforce the law against me. "But what do you want to do with me?" I asked him. He replied that he himself did not know but was awaiting further orders. "For the present," he said, "I am taking you to Bombay."

Thus we reached Surat. Here I was made over to the charge of another police officer. "You are now free," the officer told me when we had reached Bombay. "It would however be better," he added, "if you get down near the Marine Lines where I shall get the train stopped for you. At Colaba there is likely to be a big crowd." I told him that I would be glad to follow his wish. He was pleased and thanked me for it. Accordingly I alighted at the Marine Lines. The carriage of a friend just happened to be passing by. It took me and left me at Revashankar Jhaveri's place. The friend told me that the news of my arrest had incensed the people and roused them to a pitch of mad frenzy. "An outbreak is apprehended every minute near Pydhuni, the Magistrate and the police have already arrived there," he added.

Scarcely had I reached my destination when Umar Sobani and Anasuyaben arrived and asked me to motor to Pydhuni at once. "The people have become impatient and are very much excited," they said, "we cannot pacify them. Your presence alone can do it."

I got into the car. Near Pydhuni I saw that a huge crowd had gathered. On seeing me the people went mad with joy. A procession was immediately formed and the sky was rent with the shouts of *Vande mataram* and *Allaho akbar*. At Pydhuni we sighted a body of mounted police. Brickbats were raining down from above. I beseeched the crowd to be calm, but it seemed as if we would not be able to escape the shower of brickbats. As the procession issued out of Abdur Rahman Street and was about to proceed towards the Crawford Market, it suddenly found itself confronted by a body of the mounted police who had arrived there to prevent them from proceeding further in the direction of the Fort. The crowd was densely packed. It had almost broken through the police cordon. There was hardly any chance of my voice being heard in that vast concourse. Just then the officer in charge of the mounted police gave the order to disperse the crowd and at once the mounted party charged upon the crowd brandishing their lances as they went. For a moment I felt that I would be hurt. But my apprehension was groundless, the lances just grazed the car as the lancers swiftly passed by. The ranks of the people were soon broken and they were thrown into utter confusion which was soon converted into rout. Some got trampled under foot, others were badly mauled and crushed. In that seething mass of humanity there was hardly any room for the horses to pass nor was there any exit by which the people could disperse. So the lancers blindly cut their way through the crowd. I hardly imagine they could see what they were doing. The whole thing presented a most dreadful spectacle. The horsemen and the people were mixed together in mad confusion.

Thus the crowd was dispersed and its progress checked. Our motor was allowed to proceed. I had it stopped before the Commissioner's office. I got down to complain to him about the conduct of the police.

M. K. GANDHI

(Translated from Navajivan by P.)

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought
So are the things thou see'st, e'en as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee
against them;
Hast thou courage? enough! see them exulting to yield.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Trumpets on New Horizons

A Monthly Column of Poetry

I

Homecoming

Though I run very far and far and late
Denying Thee
Thy arms stretch wide still past the farthest gate
That locked Thee out,
Waiting for me.

Made of the brokenness and wreck
Of the most shattered soul,
Thou art
Part of the smallest part
Showing that all is whole:

Thou wert the whips and goads
Lashing me far from Thee
Along all roads, and Thou wert all the roads.
Thou wert the jesting and the cruelty
Thou said Thou couldst not be:

And on the day
When there is no more me,
I shall be living then for the first time,
Because of Thee; made all in Thee.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

II

Villanelle

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,
Were you spitted in vain on the tree of scorn?
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews.

Your flesh remembers every Roman bruise;
Your brow enshrines the scar of Judah's thorn,
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Hearken, O Savior, I have brought you news,
Arise in holy anger Easter morn,
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews;

And strut beneath their iridescent hues
While Satan wears the robe which should adorn
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

With solemn guile, the devil spins a ruse
For vain and rich. Let Gabriel sound his horn,
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews.

The Publican afar off wipes his shoes
Upon the doormat, puzzled and forlorn;
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,
The Pharisees still clamor in the pews.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

III

Haute Politique

Driven to achievement by youth and love,
two met amid the polar waste,
where each knew the other for a hero.
They spoke of many things, felt themselves brothers.

When it was time to part Hidoyeshi said:
I'm glad you're a real patriot,
not one of these internationalists.
To hell with those! said Bradford.

While hands met in warm farewell
word came from the air: War!

Clasped together, under the snow,
like carcasses with horns locked,
two bodies drift.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

IV

The Big Blue Shawl of Mary

Mary, the mother, wears a big blue shawl;
Not close about her, but cupping strangely loose
Around her knees. And there, among its folds,
Like little chickens covering from storms,
Beneath the wings of their big mother hen,
Crowd the unwanted babies of the world.

The unwanted ones who knew no mother's love,
Whose bones now hide in little unmarked graves—
The small unwelcome ones . . . whose birth was sin,
Whose coming was a curse, whose life a shame.
And in the heavens where the angels sing,
And in the Limbo where small angels smile,
There are no other little souls so warm
As those who nest beneath the big blue shawl.

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

[NOTE: Poetry submitted for publication in UNITY should be sent to the Poetry Editors at their personal address, 3431 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.—EDITOR.]

The Study Table

A Unique Anthology

It used to be said that of the making of books there was no end. Today it can be said that of the making of anthologies there is no end. The number of anthologies published in the last ten years surely must surpass the number published in all the preceding ages of human history. We say this not in criticism or ridicule, for these anthologies are among the chief delights of our life. But it has seemed at times as though a good thing were being over-done, and one has wondered of late if the field were not getting overcrowded. But evidently in this field, as in a New York subway train, there is always room for one more. At any rate, here* is a new anthology unmatched by any other, unique of its kind, rich beyond compare, a veritable treasure-trove.

One marvels, as one turns the pages of this sumptuous volume of the best poetry of all ages and nations, that such a garnering has never been attempted before. But the more pages one turns and reads, the more one rejoices that the task was left for this gifted editor, for he has done his work with a skill and an insight into literary values which we believe will make the book a definitive achievement. It is done so well, in other words, that it will never have to be done again.

The great difficulty in an anthology of this kind, of course, is in the question of translation. Here Mr. Van Doren has followed a plan which is as wise as it is unique. Instead of compiling a collection of foreign poetry "with reference to the originals alone," and then using any translations which chanced to exist, whether good or bad, the editor has chosen rather to gather his poems primarily from the standpoint of the translations. "This is an anthology of the world's best

*"An Anthology of World Poetry," edited by Mark Van Doren. Published by Albert and Charles Boni, $5.

poetry in the best English I could unearth," is his explanatory word, "and when I found no good English at all, I left the poet out." This is the reason, he adds, why as great a poet as Pindar does not appear. The editor "discovered no English version of him which made him seem great, or even, for that matter, readable." This principle also results in certain minor poets being represented more generously than certain "ampler figures." The English translation was in every case kept in mind. And why not, in a volume prepared for English readers?

What we have, in the end, is an unrivaled collection of English translations of great poetry in other languages. It is a revelation to read the "Index of Translators," and note the distinguished names which appear therein. Then it is another and even more astounding revelation to turn to the poems, and note the wealth of lovely English translation verse accomplished not merely by pre-eminent masters of English song, but also by humbler poets, some of them otherwise unknown. The work of our translators has surely been of a high order, and has created a literature of wide range and of extraordinary beauty. Fitzgerald's version of Omar Khayyam, like Sir Walter Scott's version of Goethe's "Erl Könik," is an English classic in its own right. Here in Mr. Van Doren's collection is evidence that scores of other translations should have equal rank on the same ground. Surely this gleaning from the far-flung sources of other times and places constitutes a great literature by itself. Mr. Van Doren has discovered and arranged it for us, and we owe him immeasurable thanks.

Primarily in order to round-out his anthology, we suppose, he has added an English and an American section. We doubt if this was wise. In the limited space at his disposal, his selections were bound to be inadequate, and thus to cover unsatisfactorily a field already splendidly covered in more than one collection of the type of the "Oxford Book of English Verse." This may be a moot question; but in our judgment there can be no question as to the very serious error of including rather liberal selections from the work of living poets. In a volume which includes only one poem each from such poets as Chaucer, Gray, Scott, and Coleridge, and only two poems each from Byron and Matthew Arnold, how justify four poems from Housman, three from T. S. Eliot, and two each from Carl Sandburg, Robinson Jeffers and "H. D."? And in an anthology which omits entirely such poets as Cowper, Young, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, William Watson, Robert Bridges, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier and Edwin Markham, why should selections be included from William Henry Davies, Aldous Huxley, Robert Graves, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, and George Santayana? What posterity, the final and best judge, will do with our contemporary verse, no man can prophesy. When his space was inevitably so limited, Mr. Van Doren would have done well not to attempt to forestall posterity, especially at the expense of writers who have met and stood the test.

But we would have our last word, a word of unstinted praise. This is a great book. Let every lover of poetry procure it at once.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

By the Author of "Porgy"

A new novel by the author of Porgy. One turns its pages with keen zest wondering whether it will depict with the same power as Porgy the life of the Negro laborer, or hold any picture so remarkable as that of the great storm when Jake died. For a while one is disappointed. Do not judge "Mamba's Daughters"* by the first hundred pages. Mamba herself is too much in caricature with her false teeth, belonging to her enemy, the Judge, and her masculine smile. The white people of the book also, representing the first family of Charleston, in reduced circumstances, of course, and Northern upstarts, are slightly boresome. But as Mr. Heyward gets into his stride, as Mamba's daughter, Hagar, takes her place in the story, one sits up and feels as deep a thrill as when reading Porgy itself. No writer has made a finer Negro figure than Hagar with her great strength and her infinite tenderness. She believes she needs her mother to think for her, yet in her hour of sacrifice she thinks clearly for herself. This is the picture that her daughter always remembers: "A gigantic black woman, kneeling in the dirt of the public road, patting her with great clumsy hands while her body mingles a tang of sweat and phosphate dust with the druggy perfume of the roadside honeysuckle. Encompassing love, possessing her all the more now because of her silence."

Hagar's daughter, Lissa, has all the advantages that mother and grandmother by constant saving can give her. She has education and training in those good manners that not even the vulgarity of today can blot out of Charleston's life. And she justifies their devotion. The book ends with her triumph. Mamba sits in her old room papered now with pictures of her grandchild—Lissa at a steamer's rail off to Europe, Lissa smiling from the center of a rotogravure page in the costume of her latest opera, Lissa singing "Lift Every Voice and Sing," at the New York Opera House. And as the steamer sails out of the harbor to New York Mamba greets it with an impudent "Git along, Ah ain't holdin' you. An' when yo' gets where you is goin', member what Ah tol' you and gib my gal huddy fuh me."

While Lissa, the colored girl, succeeds, Saint Julian de Chatigny Wentworth, the white boy, who also has the artist's poignant longing, fails. The woman he loves persuades him to give up his vision and take an interest in making money. And not only the woman he loves stops his "groping for the unattainable." The past "has reached dead hands after him guiding him this way and that." Lissa attained her goal because she had never once removed her gaze from it. Hagar and Mamba, too, had no conflicting ideas regarding her future. Saint Wentworth lost his because of the complexity of civilization. He becomes the youngest manager of the St. Cecilia Society, Charleston's highest social honor, while Lissa became one of the great singers of the world.

There are educated Negroes in the book, Charleston's first colored families. Of them Lissa says one day wearily: "'They seem to spend all their time saying how glad they are to be Negroes and all the time they're trying their damnedest to be white."

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

*"Mamba's Daughters," by Du Bose Heyward. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York City. $2.50.

Correspondence

Sex—and Politics

Editor of UNITY:

Congratulations on your pointed and illuminating remarks with regard to the Dennett case. You might also properly have paid your respects to the University of Columbia, Missouri, which seems to be an institution devoted to the conservation of ignorance.

It is particularly interested in the conservation of ignorance in matters of sex and marriage. And so it has kicked out of its faculty Dr. Harmon O. Degraff, Assistant Professor of Sociology, for the part he took in the circulation of a questionnaire among the students, calculated to obtain knowledge from the testimony given, which knowledge, if properly classified, would be added to the body of useful science.

The students were not obliged to respond to the questionnaire unless they wished to do so, and the treatment accorded Professor Degraff seems to me a monumental folly.

I am a bit surprised that you do not speak more cordially regarding the campaign of the British Labor Party in England. I am certainly glad that they do not act according to the same strategy employed by the Socialists in our country, who seem to be determined to do everything possible to keep the Socialist Party small and select. In Wisconsin, a few years ago, the Party *expelled* Senator Zumach and a former assemblyman, Glen B. Turner, because forsooth, they were taking part actively in the work of the Wisconsin Nonpartisan League. The League had a platform declaring for the public ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, hydro-electric power, the packing houses and all those other things, the private ownership of which is made the basis of monopoly.

In England I found some very good Progressives in the Conservative Party, as for instance Lord and Lady Astor, who go farther than most of the British Labor Party leaders in advocating the restriction of the liquor traffic and ultimate prohibition.

And as for Russia, certainly the Labor party leaders were wise in saying nothing. Why should they weight down their campaign with any statement showing sympathy with Russian or Italian dictatorship.

CHESTER C. PLATT.

Rye, New York.

A Reply to Mr. Allinson on Russia

Editor of UNITY:

UNITY is usually so refreshingly objective in dealing with the Soviet Union that it is difficult to understand how you could print an article containing so many sweeping misstatements and misinterpretations as "Wanted—A Model Home in Moscow," by Mr. Brent Dow Allinson.

The main thesis of the article is essentially that of the old Lusk Committee days of unsavory memory, for it posits the Soviet Union as a huge nation deliberately cut off by its dictatorial rulers from cultural contacts with the rest of the world, nourished on hates and fears, and preparing for the use of armed force against its neighbors, "upon a grand all-inclusive scale."

The Soviet Union during its nearly twelve years of existence has indeed been somewhat isolated. The position was certainly not of its own choosing, and it has made persistent efforts to bridge the isolation. The recent labors of the Soviet Government to make the Kellogg Pact immediately effective as among the Soviet Union and its nearest neighbors, its efforts extending over several years to conclude non-aggression treaties with these neighbors individually, surely these acts show an earnest desire for peace rather than "preparations for the use of armed force upon a grand, inclusive scale." Though it is less than a decade since Soviet Russia was being invaded by the armed forces of a dozen nations, its army has been reduced until it is one of the smallest forces, per capita of population, in Europe. In addition no major vessel of war has been built in the country since the revolution. At every international conference on armaments at which Soviet delegates have been permitted to sit, they have urged upon the nations a plan of general, complete disarmament, or, failing that, an alternative plan for concrete reduction of armament. Is this preparing for war or preparing for peace?

As for the statement that the citizens are deliberately isolated culturally from the rest of the world by their leaders, it is sheer casuistry. It is true that the economic structure of the country is predominantly collectivist and cooperative, and the ideology of the country is adapted to the prevalent type of society therein. It is certainly untrue that citizens are deliberately misinformed about the rest of the world. During my own stay in the Soviet Union last winter it seemed to me that the Soviet newspapers gave more comprehensive news about the United States, for instance, than the German papers. I found that to be the opinion also of other non-Communist observers. American books, both novels and more serious works, including of course technical works, are much more widely read in the Soviet Union than Soviet books are read here. The Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries alone received 120,000 different foreign books on cultural and technical subjects last year, 55,000 of them from the United States. I was surprised to find American magazines on the reading table in so many Soviet homes. One Communist official engaged my attention for a whole evening in an enthusiastic discussion about Bret Harte and other western writers of his day ("Our country bears many similarities to yours half a century ago," is a phrase one hears many times in the Soviet Union). There were, it is true, no American newspapers in the reading room of my hotel, but there were the latest issues of a number of English and German papers of various political complexions, for all to read. The New York Times is obtainable at one kiosk in Moscow, and presumably will be more widely distributed when the demand arises. In far-off Grozny, in the Caucasus, I found a group of engineers learning English with the aid of recent copies of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

In the school system of the Soviet Union the more advanced American ideas on education have been adopted more widely than has been commonly the case in other countries. Indeed Dr. John Dewey is authority for the statement that they are more fully applied in the Soviet Union than in the United States.

In a village school up above the Arctic Circle, in Soviet Karelia, I found that pupils of ten and eleven years had a much more comprehensive idea of the workings of the Ford Plant in Detroit than I myself had. It seemed to me as I listened to these youngsters explaining to me the workings of an American industry, that I had been brought up in isolation rather than they.

Mr. Allinson states that the Soviet Government permits no foreign commercial agency upon its territory, and transacts all its negotiations with American business men here. In fact the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce has maintained a business-getting headquarters in Moscow for the past two years. The Ford Company has maintained a corps of salesmen in the Soviet Union most of the time for several years past. Several other large American corporations have similarly sought Soviet business on the ground. During the sixteen months ending May 1, 450 Americans visited the Soviet Union on business. During April 90 American business men and technicians sailed for the Soviet Union for visits ranging from a few weeks to over a year. Only a few weeks ago news dispatches from Moscow announced that an executive of the Baldwin Locomotive Works had signed a contract in Moscow involving millions of dollars. Almost on the very day your issue was printed, other dispatches stated that Mr. Rosoff, the subway builder, was leaving Moscow after having made preliminary negotiations there in connection with his bids for building, in cooperation with the city authorities, the proposed new Moscow subway.

Mr. Allinson makes with particular emphasis the statement that the export trade of the Soviet Union has been "financed by loans and credits obtained principally in England and the United States." The fact is that Soviet export trade is financed almost wholly by domestic financial institutions (80 per cent by the Soviet State Bank). The Soviet Union has had no loans from either England or the United States. It has had trade credits in both countries. These were not, as Mr. Allinson seems to imply, extended as a favor. They were of course paid for in the usual manner.

Mr. Allinson also makes a point of the statement that news from abroad is sent through an official news agency, "maintaining an active branch in New York." I see no point in entering into a controversy on the virtues or demerits of a Government news agency. Such agencies are common in Europe and are not peculiar to the Soviet Union. Nor can I understand why Mr. Allinson should see anything peculiarly sinister over the fact that the news is distributed over Government-run wires or wireless, or is printed in newspapers publicly owned, in contrast to our American newspapers which are privately owned. I think it only fair to point out in this

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

MR. AND MRS. MEAD AT HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead have returned to their Boston home from their three months' visit to the Pacific coast in the interest of international friendship. It was one of Mrs. Mead's speaking tours under the auspices of the National Council for Prevention of War; and she gave more than one hundred addresses before colleges, churches, schools and clubs, working from Pasadena, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, St. Paul and other centers. Mr. Mead went not primarily with the purpose of speaking, but to visit friends and see the country, which he had never seen before; but he received so many invitations to speak that he gave twenty or more addresses during his stay, chiefly to large meetings of students at Stanford University, at Los Angeles, at the University of California, the University of Washington and the Oregon colleges. During their brief tarry in Chicago they stayed at Hull House; and they visited the friends in the office of UNITY. They spoke with special warmth of their visits to Dr. Jordan at Stanford University and Mr. Wendte at Berkeley, both of whom, although not in vigorous health, they found full of the old spiritual vigor and devotion to the cause of peace and freedom, to which they had been consecrated through the years.

PROGRESSIVE LABOR ACTION

A new national progress labor organization was launched recently in New York. It is called the "Conference for Progressive Labor Action." The declaration of purpose read as follows: "To carry on research educational work and agitation among the workers, both organized and unorganized, in industry and agriculture, in order to stimulate in the existing and potential labor organizations a progressive realistic, militant labor spirit and activity in all its phases—trade union, political and educational."

The principles and platform adopted were as follows:

America is the richest and "most prosperous" country in the world with a national annual income of $100,000,000,000, or several times as great as the next richest nation. Along with this unprecedented prosperity for the owners and manipulators of capital, millions of workers exist on less than a living wage. In the Southern textile mills, men and women toil twelve hours daily for a weekly pittance of $12. Similar conditions prevail in other industrial areas. Almost every effort of the worker to secure a larger share of his increased productivity or to stabilize employment—even under the most conservative leadership—is met with the most brutal clubbing by state guards or the terrorism of local or state police in complete disregard of constitutional guarantees.

Moreover, the increased use of labor-saving machinery accompanied by speed-up methods and other industrial changes is intensifying the ills from which American workers are suffering. Skilled and competent workers are being thrown upon the industrial scrap heap as martyrs to capitalist greed before the age of 45. Thus hundreds of thousands of workers face acute unemployment and old age without any means of support. To meet this menacing situation the organized labor movement offers opposition to "paternalism," but presents no inclusive constructive program.

Why must the productive forces of Amercia, whether in the factory, in the mines or on the farm, suffer intolerable treatment and unbearable working conditions? Because they are not organized well enough either on the industrial, the political, the cooperative, or the educational field; because they have been educated to believe in the viewpoint of employers rather than of the workers. Is it any wonder that they mistakenly believe that the present system as it stands holds out hope for the workers? Is it any wonder that they still believe in the myth of "rugged individualism" instead of labor cooperation which is the basis of the labor movement?

This situation has not been met by the present officials of the trade union movement largely dominated by the boss psychology of the National Civic Federation, nor have the Communists shown any greater ability to cope with the situation. On the contrary, like the A. F. of L. leaders, they have ignored realities, have shown a complete ignorance of American labor and its psychology and have undermined the faith of the rank and file in the possibilities of the organized labor movement.

How then can we induce the workers of our country to think and to act as workers? Primarily through working-class education for action. The responsibility for this educational task must be assumed by progressive, militant elements who dare to face realities, who are concerned with American conditions, who do not feel that vituperation is a substitute for effective organization and who stand ready to dedicate their lives to the labor movement and to serve it in every field, political, cooperative, educational and social.

To this end we call upon progressives to organize for the achievement of the following:

1. To educate the workers to demand a complete program of social insurance to meet the problem created by unemployment, old-age dependency, sickness and accident.

2. To help in a constructive spirit every honest effort to extend the sphere of trade union influence and effectiveness. This can be done by promoting and aiding in a more effective organization along voluntary industrial lines of the skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled workers in basic industries so

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connection that the curious fallacies that constantly bob up in the American press about the Soviet Union have no parallel in the Soviet Press in respect to the United States. During the past year I have read in American newspapers numerous stories like the following: "The Ukraine is in a state of civil war and has thrown off the Bolshevik yoke"; all church services are *verboten* in the Soviet Union; school children are taught "immorality" in Soviet schools; Trotzky is murdered by the "Cheka"; Trotzky's family are held as hostages by the Cheka; starvation is general in Soviet cities; grain has to be collected from the peasants at the point of the bayonet; the true story of horrors in the Ukraine, told by the first American correspondent to penetrate that region; The Soviet Government is about to collapse; it is about to conquer Europe; the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia operates as a branch of the propaganda bureau of the Third International (William Allen Neilson, president of Smith college, is president of the Society, and a law partner of John W. Davis is the treasurer).

I have taken but a few misinterpretations in Mr. Allinson's article. Almost every paragraph contains several. Some are small misstatements, such as the news that an American vacuum cleaner "is unknown in Russia." In my hotel in Moscow a year ago one was operated outside my door at an unholy hour almost every morning.

Some are seriously provocative errors, such as the statement that the Soviet trading bureau in New York—I assume he means the Amtorg Trading Corporation, organized under the laws of that State—carries on "propaganda, etc., etc." Amtorg issues a house organ, like any other large trading enterprise, which has won praise from a number of American concerns interested in the Soviet market. "Propaganda," in the accepted sense of that much-abused word, it does not in any sense deal with. The principal direct, authentic trade information about the Soviet Union comes through Amtorg. In the absence of American consular officials in the Soviet Union, this information is of great value. I can not see any particular point to be gained by hinting that Amtorg has some devious purpose for existence.

In fact I can see little but mischievous material in this whole article. It promotes neither peace nor understanding between the world's two largest nations.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

[*Note:* Mr. Allinson's able article was published in accordance with our principle of "perfect liberty." Mr. Kellock's letter is published in accordance with the same principle.—Editor.]

A Correction

Editor of UNITY:

Mis-prints of proper names in my "Items from a Traveler's Note-Book" are inevitable, in view of the hurried pencil scrawl of my manuscripts which you have had to decipher. I wonder that so few mistakes on the whole have crept into the articles. One in the issue of June 10th, page 232, I desire to correct. I am there made to say that the second High Commissioner in Palestine was "Lord Palmer." It should be Lord Plumer.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

that they may successfully cope with centralized and militant company union capital. This labor activity must be accompanied by aggressive fight on the political field and on the picket line; by an attack not only upon the power of the courts to issue injunctions in industrial disputes but also upon their attempts to cripple unionism and to enslave labor through yellow dog contracts.

3. To encourage uncensored working-class education, not only to enlighten workers so that they may see clearly through the poisonous propaganda like that of the power trust but also to encourage them to think clearly and fearlessly about important economic and political problems.

4. To help establish and to bring to the fullest possible development genuine farmer and labor cooperatives in order to strengthen labor consciousness, to develop labor solidarity and to give the workers an effective and necessary training in industrial democracy.

5. As labor's effectiveness depends to a considerable degree upon the control of agencies, we urge independent labor party action as a substitute for the useless and confusing non-partisan policy which results in the selection of public officials completely dominated by employers who seek to crush and to enslave the workers of America as they are now trying to do in Tennessee, North and South Carolina and elsewhere.

6. The new industrial revolution and the more subtle activities of big business which confuse unenlightened workers necessitate a scientific study of labor and political problems and labor technique. Hence we recommend the establishment of a centralized research agency to make studies and to prepare literature to offset the misguiding influence of the governing class and their intellectual hirelings.

7. American labor faces a grave crisis. On the one hand it must combat entrenched capitalism, which dominates our millionaire cabinet, our legislative halls and the courts through their control of both dominant political parties—a control used to cripple labor's struggle for the right to live as free men and women. On the other hand, fooled by propaganda, disguised with the cloak of patriotism, the workers are induced to lay down their lives that imperialistic and aggressive capitalism may accumulate untold millions by exploiting their fellow-workers in other lands.

We urge the workers to demand the wealth they create; to strike for their rights as of old; to give industrial battle whenever necessary. Far better to strive for industrial justice than to die in foreign lands in order that powerful American corporations may make untold billions through exploitation. Only through intelligent cooperation expressed on the industrial, political and educational fields can the workers bring in a new society embodying the age-long ideals of all great leaders and teachers—social and industrial justice.

IN SWITZERLAND

Conscientious Objection.—Bernard Peier, of Berne, haying refused for the second time to present himself at the recruiting school, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and the deprivation for two years of his civil rights.

The Commission for Social Study and Action of the Free Church of the canton of Vaud has decided to open up an enquiry into the refusal of exemption under the "honorable motive" clause to two conscientious objectors sentenced at Lausanne. *(F.o.R. Corr.)*

The Bietenholz Case.—Alfred Bietenholz was an official trustee in Basle for unmarried mothers and illegitimate children. He even opened his own house to the mothers and children for whose welfare he cared. The self-sacrifice, faith, patience and love demanded can only be understood by those who have had similar experience.

He has now been dismissed for failure to appear at a military inspection. The official Disciplinary Commission was unanimously for him, but the Municipal Council voted his dismissal.

At the annual meeting of the *Freunde der Neuen Wege* the hundred delegates protested against the dismissal and appealed to Swiss opinion to rise against such a militarization of public life. *(Neue Wege, March, 1929.)*

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